



## A New SONG.

**M**Y Banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmurs invite one to sleep,  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep,  
 I have seldom met with a loss,  
 Such health does the mountains bestow,  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
 But with tendrils of woodbines is bound,  
 Not a beach is more beautiful green,  
 But a sweet briar twines it around,  
 Nor my fields in the prime of the year,  
 More charms than my sickle unfold,  
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire,  
 To the bower I have labour'd to rear,  
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 But I hasted and planted it there,  
 Oh! how sudden the jessamin strove,  
 With the laylock to render it gay,  
 Already it calls for my love,  
 To prune cruel branches away.

From the plains, from the valleys and groves,  
 What strange of wild melody flows,  
 How the nightingales warbles their loves,  
 From thickets of roses that blow,  
 And when her bright form shall appear,  
 Each bird shall harmoniously join,  
 In a concert so soft and so clear,  
 As she may not be left to resign.

I have found cut a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed,  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She'll say it was a barbarous deed,  
 For he ne'er could be true she aver'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young,  
 I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with pity unfold,  
 How that pity was due to a dove,  
 That it ever attended the bold,  
 And she call'd it the sister of love,  
 But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak and whatever she says,  
 Methinks I could still love her more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain,  
 Unmov'd when her Corrydon sighs,  
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
 These plains and this valley despise,  
 Dear regions of silence and shade,  
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease,  
 When I could have pleasantly stray'd,  
 He nought in her absence could please.

But where did my Phillida stray,  
 And where are her grottoes and bowers,  
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours,  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the vallies as fine,  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

